

MARVEL
COMICS
2099
26
NOV



ULTIMATE



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No oddsmaker in Transverse City ever expected MORPHINE SOMERS to survive this long.

That mutant is crossed too many high powered players to end up anywhere except face down in his own blood.

Minister of Humanity or not.

BEEP--YOU HAVE A PRIORITY CALL--
BEEP--YOU HAVE A PRIORITY CALL--BEEP--
YOU HAVE A PRIORITY--

LOWER THE VOLUME, FUTER, I HEARD YOU. OH YEAH, AND PICK UP WHILE YOU'RE AT IT.

BLOODY SHOCK, MORPHINE, I'VE BEEN TRYING YOUR PRIVATE LINE FOR HOURS.

I WAS READY TO WRITE YOU OFF AS DEAD.

THE WAY I FEEL, SHARP BLUE, MIGHT AS WELL BE.

REMEMBER ME TO STAY AWAY FROM LATVERIAN VODKA.

IN CASE YOU HADN'T HEARD, THE WHITE HOUSE IS IN FLAMES, AND OUR COMMANDER IN CHIEF IS M.I.A.

NKRUMAH, YOU AND I ARE THE ONLY MEMBERS OF ROOM'S CABINET STILL ALIVE.

YEAH, I KNOW. THE PARTY'S OVER.

THEN WHY IN HAVEN'S NAME ARE YOU STILL IN THE U.S.?

WELL, BLUE, I INVESTED IN SOME DESERT PROPERTY...

SEE ROOM 2019 #55.

BROKEN HALO

CITY OF THE DEAD PART ONE

JOHN FRANCIS
MOORE
WRITER

RON
LIM
PENCILER

HARRY
CANDELARIO
INKER

KEN
LOPEZ
LETTERER

TOM
SMITH
COLORIST

MAIBU
COMPUTER
COLOR

JOEY CAVALIERI--CITY COMMISSIONER

BORRIS CHASE--BOSS TWEED

A Stan Lee Presentation

Once we'd crossed into what was left of California, the flying lizards began buzzing the cab--

--enormous airborne reptiles toying with Taiwanese automotive economy, taunting the soft-fleshed humans inside.

Had the EMPs not begun dropping from the sky, we'd have been hors d'oeuvres for those primordial predators.

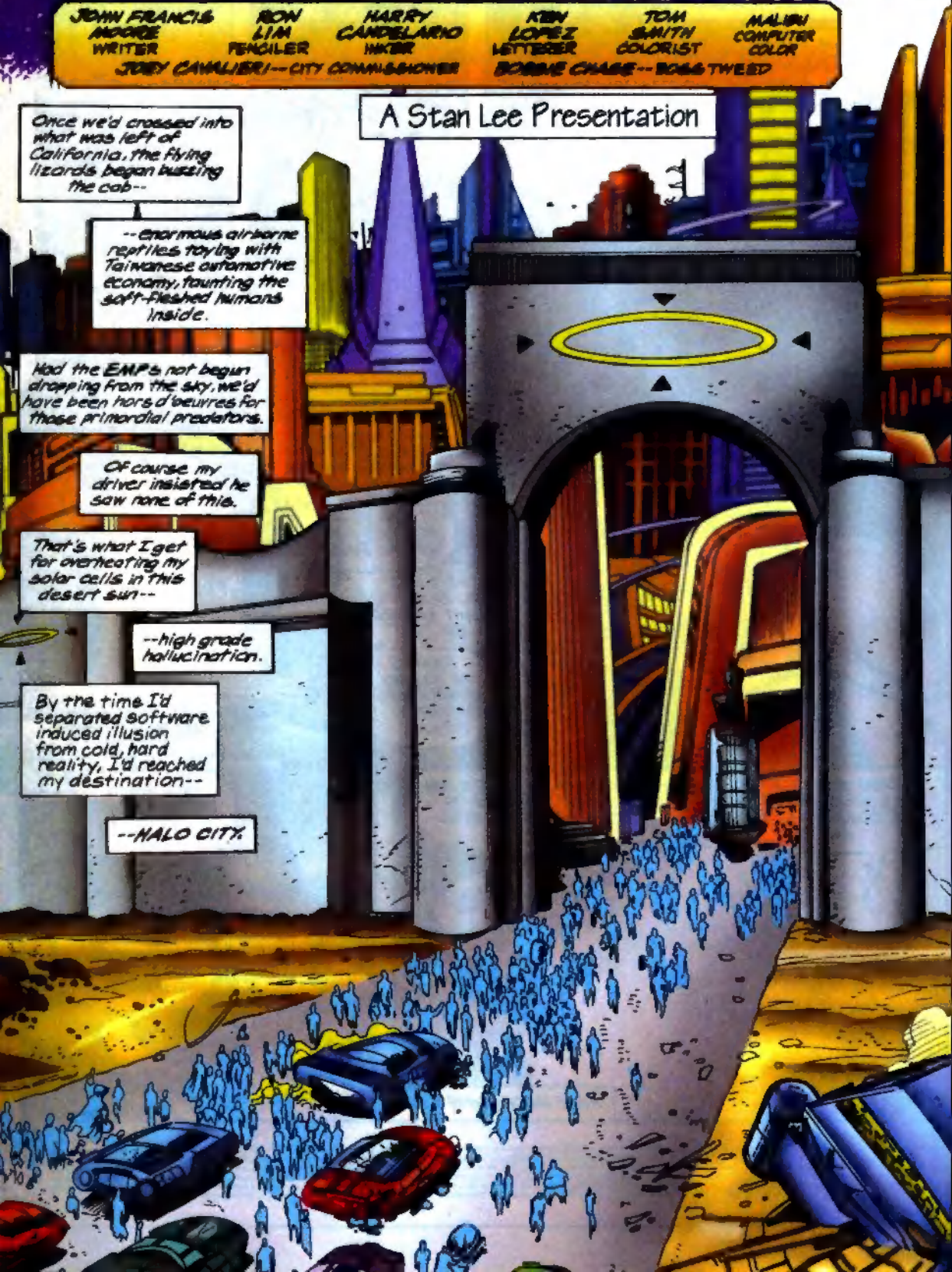
Of course my driver insisted he saw none of this.

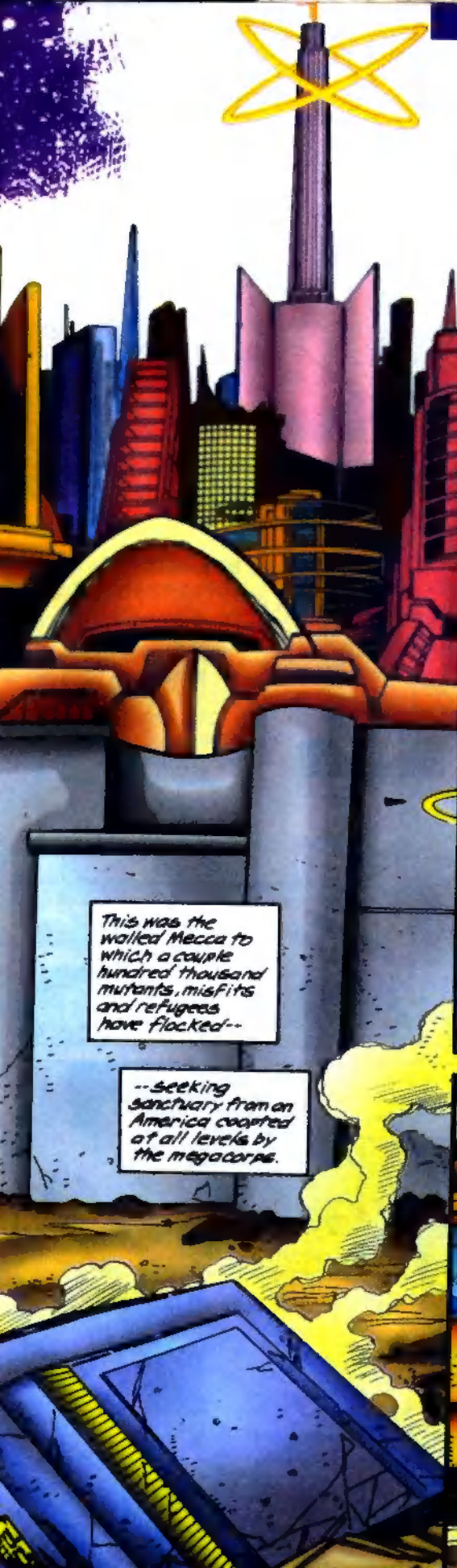
That's what I get for overheating my solar cells in this desert sun--

--high grade hallucination.

By the time I'd separated software induced illusion from cold, hard reality, I'd reached my destination--

--HALO CITY.





I'd been recovering at the Stark Cybernetic Rehab Clinic when Altermat tracked me down.

"Get the inside scoop on Halo City, Gunnar," my producer said. "Pure the hype from reality."

ARE WE MOVING AT ALL?

THIS IS THE WAY IT'S BEEN EVER SINCE DOOM OPENED THE CITY GATES.

EVERY FREAK AND WEIRDO IN NORTH AMERICA'S MADE A BEE LINE FOR THIS PLACE.

NO OFFENSE.

NONE TAKEN.

LET ME OUT HERE. IT'LL BE FASTER.

This was the walled Mecca to which a couple hundred thousand mutants, misfits and refugees have flocked--

--seeking sanctuary from an America co-opted at all levels by the megacorp.

WATCH YOURSELF, AMIGO, THEY'LL LET ANYBODY INSIDE.

EVEN ME.

Gotta give the
Latverian credit--

--he promised the
disenfranchised a
home in his America,
and he came through.

Just like Bugay Siegel,
he built a city in the
desert.

Tao had the old
rustbucket got
slammed before
it was finished.

WHAT'S THE POINT
TO ALL THIS DATA
ENTRY, BILLY?

WASHINGTON'S
OFFLINE, AND
WE ARE
SHUTPED.

UNTIL WE GET
THE OFFICIAL
WORD, ALISON,
WE SHOULD
CONTINUE DOING
OUR JOBS.

WELCOME TO
HALO CITY, SIR.
MAY I SEE YOUR
ID.

HEYWOOD,
GUNNAR TRISTAN

OCCUPATION:
ENTERTAINMENT
JOURNALIST
BORN: 7-4-80,
STOCKTON, CA
GENDER: MALE
GENETIC STATUS:
HUMAN/SYNTHETOID
CONVERSION

DO YOU
WISH AT THIS
TIME TO
APPLY FOR
RESIDENCE?

NO. JUST
HERE COVERING
THE CITY FOR
THE
ASTRONET.

SWEET MOTHER OF
THOR, LOOK AT ALL
THIS FIREPOWER.

I HAVE
PERMITS
FOR ALL OF
THOSE.

I'M SORRY, SIR,
PERSONAL WEAPONS
ARE STRICTLY
PROHIBITED IN HALO
CITY.

I'LL HAVE TO
CONFISCATE THEM.
WHEN YOU LEAVE
THEY WILL BE RE--

The familiar burst of a Moses Magnum .44 pulse gun explodes behind me.

BOOM

KCHOW

DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE!

TIME'S COME TO SWEEP OUT ALL THE GENETIC TRASH THAT'S POLLUTING THIS GREAT COUNTRY.

I GOT A THERMONUCLEAR BOMB THAT'S GONNA WASH THIS MONGREL CITY OF THE TAINT OF FOREIGNERS AND FREAKS.

AMERICA FOR AMERICANS!
HUMANITY FOR HUMANS.

Great. Another kamikaze superpatriot with nuclear capability--

--No doubt jacked up on some poor man's super soldier serum.

Someone needs to drop this star-spangled looney before he detonates that nuke and ruins everyone's day.

Luckily, I hadn't given up my own sidearm.

On the other hand,
I could let the
professionals handle
the situation.



WHOOOSH



Bucky here should've
realized that a city
offering refuge to
mutants of every
power level--

--would be
prepared to deal
with as mundane
a threat as a
racist with a
bomb.

MY NUKE...
IT'S GONE...



I'M REALLY
TIRED OF THESE
BOZOS. THIS IS
THE THIRD ONE
THIS WEEK.

GOTTA GET
MY MAGNUM...

HUMANITY
FOR...



...HUMANITY?

I THINK THE
QUAKE MUST'VE
SHAKEN THEM ALL
OUT OF THEIR
UNDERGROUND
BUNKERS.



Nice footage.



I'm arm's length from
two of the city's mutant
PROTECTORATE.

MEANSTREAK. Henri
Huong. Capable of
hyper-accelerated
movement.

A former Alchemax
prodigy who gave up the
corporate fasttrack
for his own brand of
subversive activism.

He helped the
shapechanger
Halloween Jack
wrest Las Vegas
from the Syndicate.

KRYSTALIN. Krys
Porter Ogada. Able
to generate crystal
from atmospheric
mineral content.

Don't let her
pacific exterior
fool you.

She trained with
the Soldiers of the
Panther. She's a
genuine threat.

LOOK AT US,
KRYK, WE'VE GONE
FROM OUTLAWS
TO AUTHORITY
FIGURES.

NOBODY
WANTED A
COMMERCIAL
SECURITY
FORCE--

--BUT WITHOUT
ONE, IT FALLS TO
US TO MAINTAIN
ORDER UNTIL THE
COUNCIL IS
ELECTED.

BESIDES,
YOU COULD'VE
STAYED IN
VEGAS.

WITH
JACK? DO I
LOOK THAT
CRAZY?





Many of the city's new residents have spent their lives without proper medical care.

Halo City's POLYCLINICS offer health services to anyone in need.



Judging by the length of this line of walking wounded--

--I'd say they must be doing miracles here.

JAY, PAL. WHAT'S THE LITTLE GIRL'S STORY?

CONGENITAL HEART DEFECT.

IF SHE'D BEEN BORN IN A CORPORATE CRECHE, IT WOULD'VE BEEN CORRECTED WITH SURGERY--

--BUT NOW HER HEART'S GROWING WEAKER AND WEAKER EVERY DAY.

SOUNDS LIKE SHE NEEDS MORE THAN OUTPATIENT TREATMENT.

YOU CAN'T EXPECT THEM TO DO A TRANSPLANT?

SHE WON'T NEED A TRANSPLANT AFTER WE SEE THE MAN.

MY LEFT ARM HAD BEEN PARALYZED SINCE THE POLLUTION WARS.

THE MEDTECHS TOLD ME NOTHING COULD BE DONE... BUT HE HEALED ME.

LOOK, GOOD AS NEW. MAYBE BETTER.

AND WHO IS THIS MIRACULOUS HEALER?

XI'AN CHI XIAN.



XI'AN CHI XAN. The charismatic and mysterious mutant who assembled a new generation of X-men--

--but he's not wearing the badge that marks them in Halo City.

He's a man with a troubled past and a dark and dangerous side.

Rumor has it that he'd been seduced by the Theatre of Pain.

The woman with him, CEREBRA, is equally enigmatic.

Shakti Haddad. A mutant sensitive with a telepathic T.K.O. That can floor men twice her size.

Wonder how she gets along with her notorious father?

XI'AN,
YOU HAVEN'T
SLEPT IN FOUR
DAYS.

I'VE NO
TIME FOR SLEEP.
SO MANY REQUIRE
MY ATTENTION.

THIS CHILD
SUFFERED BURNS
WHEN A FIRE BROKE
OUT IN THE
FLOODGATE HOLDING
PENS.





I CAN
EASE HER
PAIN.



AM I
BETTER
NOW?



WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

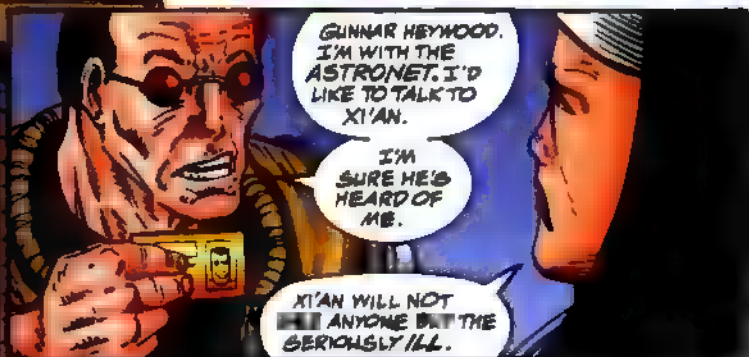
NOTHING...
IT... WILL...
PASS...

The polyclinic is run by a paramilitary religious order known as THE HOWLING COMMANDMENTS.

A brick wall named Sister Margaret stops me when I try to step out of line.



AND WHERE
DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE GOING,
BROTHER?



GUNNAR HEYWOOD.
I'M WITH THE
ASTRONET. I'D
LIKE TO TALK TO
XI'AN.

I'M
SURE HE'S
HEARD OF
ME.

XI'AN WILL NOT
TALK TO ANYONE BUT THE
SERIOUSLY ILL.



NOW THAT I'VE
MENTIONED IT, I
HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO SHAKE
THIS NASTY COLD--



YOU LOOK HEALTHY
ENOUGH TO ME!

Hard to get by nuns
tough enough to minister
in the killing fields of
the South American
narco wars.

YOU'RE KILLING
YOURSELF DOING
THIS.

EVERYTIME
YOU HEAL
SOMEONE, YOU
INTERNALIZE
THEIR PAIN AND
SUFFERING.

YOU'RE
NOT GIVING
YOUR BODY ANY
TIME TO
RECUPERATE.

AFTER ALL
THE ANGUISH I
CAUSED AS A
PART OF THE
THEATRE OF
PAIN--

--I MUST
ATONE
FOR MY
SINS.

HAD LUNA'S
PSYCHIC
INTRUSION NOT
SHOCKED ME
BACK TO MY
SENSES--

--I WOULD'VE
CONTINUED MY
DESTRUCTIVE
RAMPAGE.

* LAST ISSUE.
-- JOEY

NOW IS A
TIME FOR
HEALING.

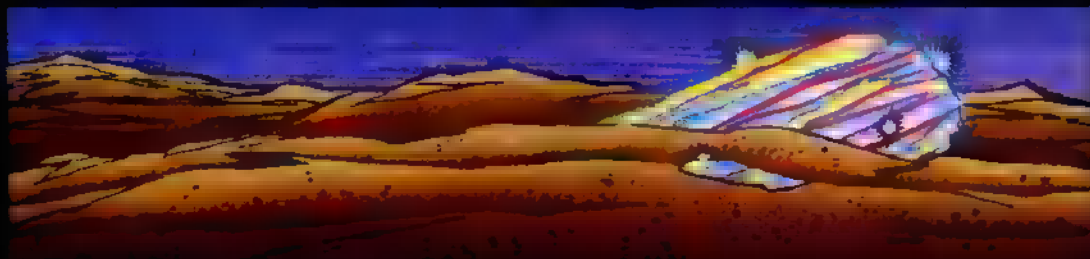
DON'T
PLAY THE
PART
WITH ME,
XI'AN.

DOOM ■ OUT
THE PICTURE,
AND WE'RE GOING
TO NEED YOU TO
HELP KEEP THIS
CITY TOGETHER.

YOU'LL
BE NO GOOD
TO ANYONE
IF YOU BURN
OUT.

I CAN NO
LONGER BE A
PART OF THE
X-MEN,
SHAKTI.

I
AM NOT
WORTHY
OF THE
NAME.



Halo City is a
metropolis inscribed
by a circular boundary.

At dead center
lies the tower
which houses the
city government--

--which is
currently
run by Morphine
Somers.

LOOK OUT!
HE'S ARMED.

LET
HIM GO,
BOYS.

YOU AND YOUR
FONDNESS FOR
ARTILLERY,
GUNNAR.

YOU'RE
LOOKING SHARP
FOR SOMEONE
WITH A PRICE ON
HIS HEAD.

MR. KEYWOOD'S
AN OLD FRIEND.

THEY
DREW
ON ME,
SOMERS.

HE'S
CARRYING A
WEAPON.

AND YOU'RE LOOKING
BETTER FOR
SOMEONE WITH YOUR
HISTORY OF RECKLESS
ABUSE.

NOTHING A LITTLE
RECONSTRUCTIVE
SURGERY AT THE STARK
CLINIC COULDN'T CURE.

C'MON INSIDE,
THERE ARE SOME
PEOPLE I WANT
YOU TO MEET.

THESE
ARE MY

Doom had convinced
these mutants that
their participation
was essential to
Halo City's integrity.

They were the
mutants that
liberated the
Slaughterhouse.

And now they'd
been drafted as
the city's flag
bearers, it's
PROTECTORATE.

From what I've
heard about
their recent
history--

--I was lucky to
find them in the
same city, let alone
the same room.



YOUR
X-MEN?

DON'T EVEN
THINK IT,
SOMERS.

TIMOTHY FITZGERALD.
A volatile young man
with the ability to
channel ambient energy.

DOWN, FITZGERALD. I
MEANT IT WITH ~~INTENTION~~

NO ONE'S
CHALLENGING
YOUR
LEADERSHIP--

YEAH,
RIGHT.

CERTAINLY NOT
XI'AN, WHO REFUSES
TO DO ANYTHING BUT
LAY HANDS
AFFLICTED.

STILL, YOU'RE NOT ON THE RANCH
ANYMORE. TRY TO BE CIVIL, EH?

MY TOUCH CAN AGE
ANYTHING THOUSANDS
IN SECONDS--

--AND
I'M ~~SURE~~ YOU'D
HATE TO LOSE
THE PRIME OF
YOUR YOUTH.

NOW I KNOW
WHY THEY CALL
THIS A BOARD
ROOM.

I'M
BORED.

SWAM. Diamond
LaSalle. A former
street urchin able
to create sensory
illusions.

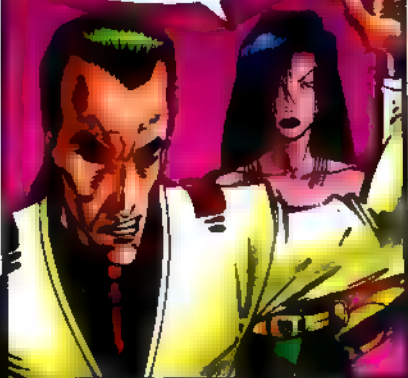
WE HAVE ~~ENOUGH~~ TO DO
WITHOUT **FIGHTING**
~~AMONG~~ OURSELVES.

HALO CITY MAY
BE THE LAST CHANCE
HUMANS AND MUTANTS
HAVE TO COEXIST IN
THIS COUNTRY.

IT'S
IMPERATIVE
WE MAKE THIS
CITY WORK.

ALWAYS THE VOICE OF
REASON, SHAKTI.

AND IT'S ABOUT
TIME YOU TELL US
WHAT'S REALLY
GOING ON IN
WASHINGTON.



ALL WE'VE
HEARD THE
PAST WEEK
ARE
RUMORS.

YOU'RE
REPORTER,
HAVE THEY FOUND
DOOM'S BODY?

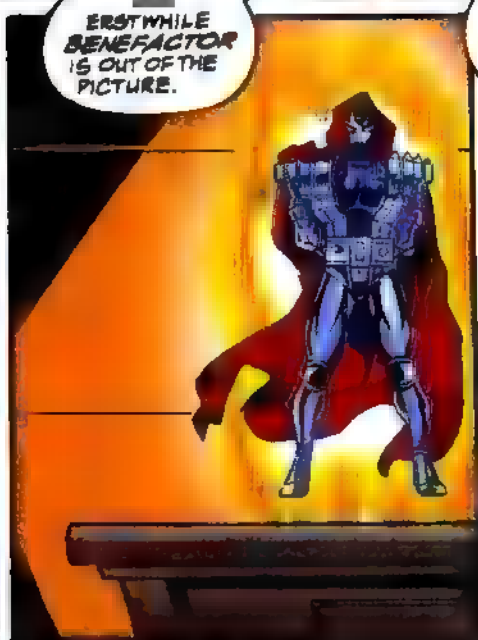
NOT
ACCORDING
TO MY
SOURCES IN
SHIELD.



IT NO LONGER
MATTERS WHETHER
DOOM IS ALIVE
OR DEAD.



ERSTWHILE
BENEFACTOR
IS OUT OF THE
PICTURE.



THE
MEGACORPS HAVE
REEMERGED AND
REASSERTED
CONTROL.

THEIR
NEWLY APPOINTED
PRESIDENT IS
SOMEONE CLAIMING
TO BE THE
CAPTAIN AMERICA.

ALL THAT'S
LEFT OF
TENURE AS
FOURTY IS
HALO CITY.



THEN WE'RE
DOOMED. HALF
OF THE CITY ISN'T COMPLETED.
WE CAN'T WITHSTAND AN
ATTACK.

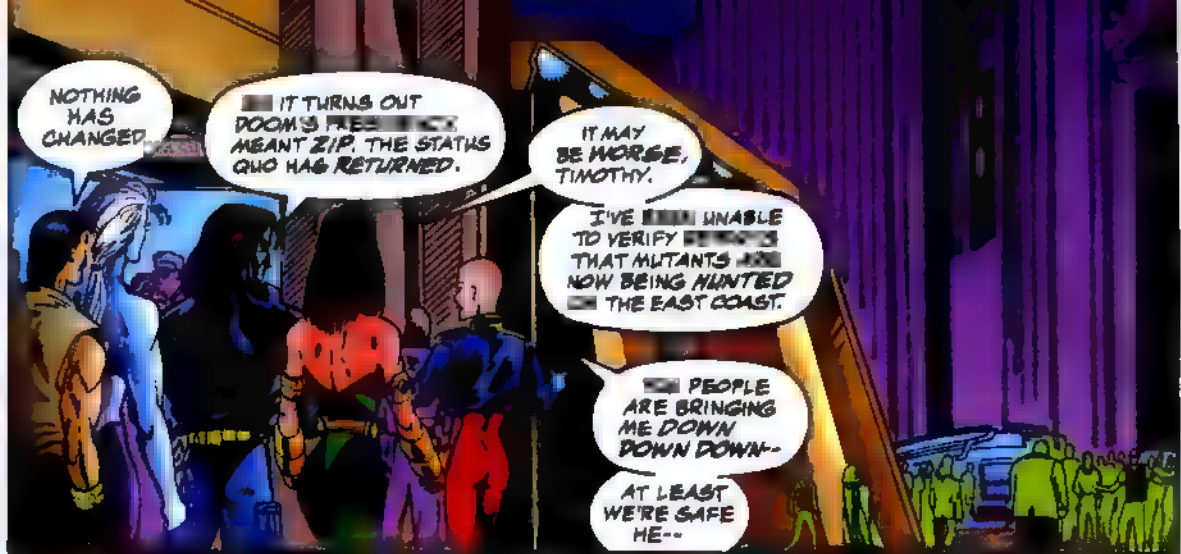


THE NEW GOVERNMENT
DOESN'T
THAT
WITH US--

BUT THE ONE
THING THAT'S
FORGETTING IS
THIS--

WE'RE ON
OUR OWN,
KIDS.





NOTHING
HAS
CHANGED.

IT TURNS OUT
DOOM'S FREEZE
MEANT ZIP. THE STATUS
QUO HAS RETURNED.

IT MAY
BE WORSE,
TIMOTHY.

I'VE BEEN UNABLE
TO VERIFY THAT
THAT MUTANTS ARE
NOW BEING HUNTED
THE EAST COAST.

PEOPLE
ARE BRINGING
ME DOWN
DOWN DOWN--

AT LEAST
WE'RE SAFE
HE--

BADA BOOM



THE
CLINIC.

THE PATIENTS
INSIDE.

THERE.

WHO
COULD'VE
DONE
THIS?



SAVOR WHAT
LITTLE LIFE
YOU HAVE LEFT,
X-MEN--

--FOR THE
OTHER SIDE IS
COLD AND
EMPTY--



WHAT MY
GOOD FRIEN' IS
TRYIN' T'SAY
IS--

STRIKE
UP D' BRASS
BAND--

--THE
FUNERAL
PARTY'S JUS'
BEGIN.

WE ARE THE

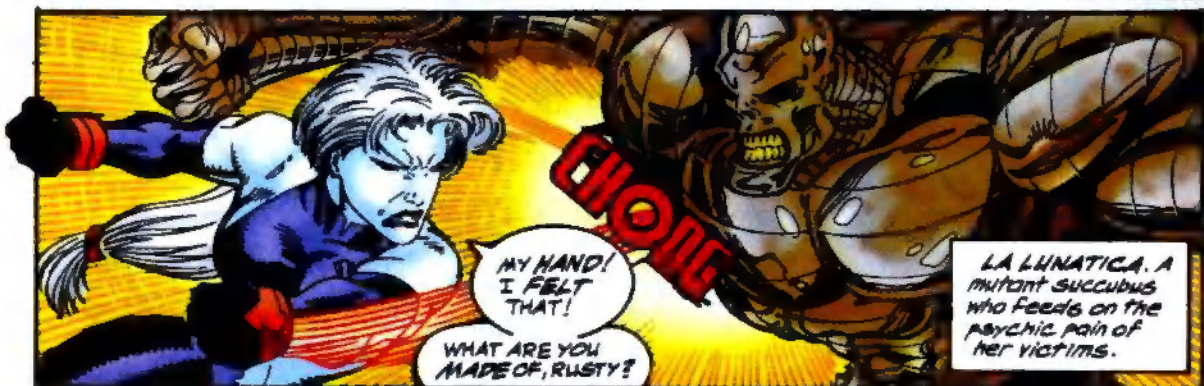
UNDEAD

--AND WE
BRING YOU
GREETINGS
FROM OUR
MASTER.



MASTER?
WHAT DOES
THAT ME--
YEEOOOOW!

YOU
ARE THE
MARKED
ONE.

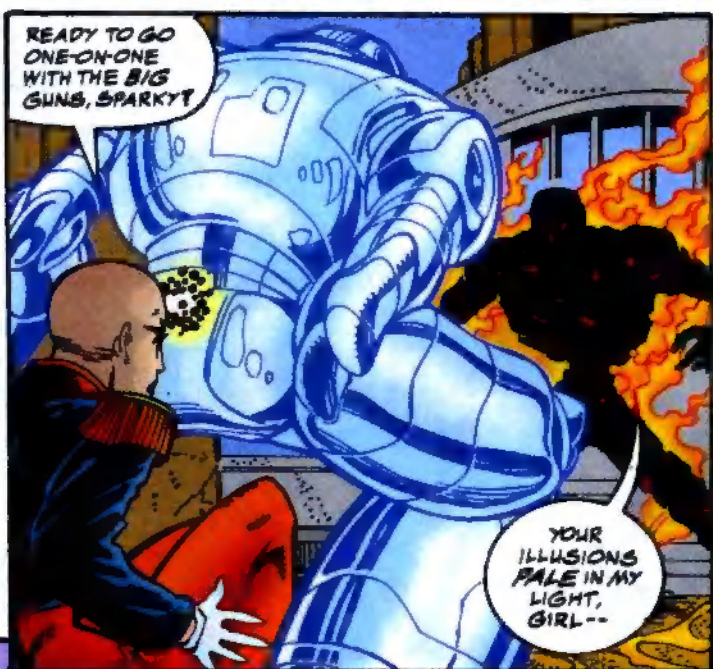


MY HAND!
I FELT
THAT!
WHAT ARE YOU
MADE OF, RUSTY?

LA LUNATICA. A
MUTANT SUCUBUS
WHO FEEDS ON THE
PSYCHIC PAIN OF
HER VICTIMS.



MARKED?
MARKED FOR
WHAT?



READY TO GO
ONE-ON-ONE
WITH THE BIG
GUNS, SPARKYT

YOUR
ILLUSIONS
FALE IN MY
LIGHT,
GIRL--



--YOU'VE
NO DEFENSE
AGAINST
ME.

YIKES.



THE OTHERS
CAN FIGHT THE
UNDEAD.

I'VE GOT TO
LOOK FOR
SURVIVORS.





THIS WAS JUST
A FRIENDLY
TÊTE À TÊTE,
DARLIN'--

--NOTHIN'
MORE THAN A
NEIGHBORLY
HELLO.

YOU BE SURE
TO TELL YOUR
FATHER, OUR
MASTER'S
WAITIN' FOR
HIM.

MY FATHER?
WHAT'S HE GOT
TO DO WITH
THIS?

EVERYTHING,
HERE.

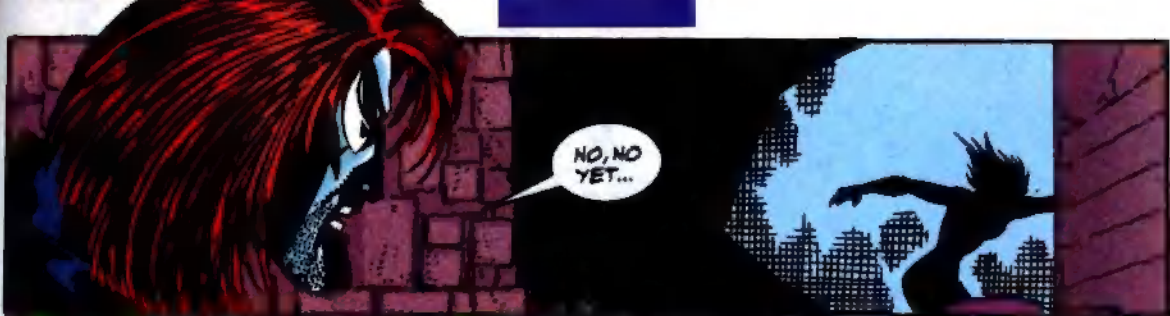


HERE,
KITTY,
KITTY.

I OWE
YOU FOR THESE
BOUGES ON
MY CHEST.

SHE'S HEADING
TOWARDS THE
EDGE, THE
BORDER OF THE
UNFINISHED
SECTION OF THE
CITY.

GONE...



NO, NO
YET...



C'MON, PUSSYCAT.
THIS GAME OF CAT
AND MOUSE HAS
GONE ON LONG
ENOUGH.



I'M NOT
CATSCRATCH.



YOU???



IT
CAN'T
BE...

FFWWT

DIDN'T
EXPECT TO SEE
ME AGAIN, DID
YOU, TIME

The VENOMSTINGER is a
low tech projectile
weapon that fires a
teflon coated dart with
a glass point.

Once the dart
breaks the skin. The
glass breaks,
releasing a
concentrated
curare derivative.